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Cordially,
Edna Ellis Conway

TO PORTS BEYOND

BY

EMMA ELLIS CONWAY

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

THE EDITOR COMPANY

1910

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EMMA ELLIS CONWAY

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D. K. June 13, 1930.

TO

My Sisters

I MOST AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicate

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

EMMA ELLIS CONWAY.



TO PORTS BEYOND

PART I

I

‘A flower grew in a lonely place,
A knight came riding by apace,
Said he, ‘This flower my plume shall grace!’ ”

’Twas evening in Summer. Adown a green
lane,

Where brown thrushes carolled a merry
refrain,

A horseman was leisurely wending his way,
And whistling a bar he had heard at the play.

’Twas a blithe little snatch of a bright catchy
tune,

It had run through his mind for the whole
afternoon,

And now he would whistle it, then he would
sing:

“My love’s like a flower that blooms in the
Spring.”

Around him, above him, the world seemed in
tune

With all things suggestive of beauteous June.
The men in the meadows were tossing the
hay;

Shy ’mid the grass the anemones lay.

A light summer breeze brought the sweet
scent of clover.

Beneath were wild blossoms, the smiling
skies over.

At length he drew rein at the foot of the hill,
While his horse slaked his thirst at a soft-
flowing rill

That splashed through the meadow, and
slipped by the lane,

Then wound by the woodland and crept on
again.

The pony, of water, had taken his fill,
And wandered on, cropping the cowslips at
will,

The cowslips that bordered the brooklet like
fringe,

And lent to the waters a soft yellow tinge.

His rider approved with a sanctioning air,
And plucked a wild rose from a bush that
grew near.

While pensively puffing the blue rings of
smoke

That rose in the air and then gracefully
broke

Into eddying wreaths, that soon circled away,
He languidly fell into this revery:

“Dame Nature is beaming! I wonder if she,
As well as Miss Durant, was looking for me?
I wrote I’d be down on the evening express—
But that wreck was on hand—’Twas ill luck,
I confess.

So, to foreclose that wager I made with Phil
Dane,

That I’d see her this eve, be it sunshine or
rain,

I hired this beast, and I galloped on over.
’Tis twenty long miles, if it’s one, back to
Dover!

But heigh-ho! That’s not far, when the
object in view

Is the girl whom one thinks of, and dreams
of—then, too,

There's Dane and his wager. Hang me, but
I've won!

This makes me possessor of Phil's handsome
gun.

I've won against light odds,—they might
have been fewer.

What a laugh I will have at his discomfiture!
I've shown that old boy what he's failed to
discover:

That I am not always 'the recreant lover!'
Miss Durant is not like the girls that I know—
Gay fire-flies! resembling tenpins in a row!
She's charming and bright as the evening
star;

Her style! She surpasses all others by far!
As for beauty——" His face wore a smile of
conviction,

Excluding all chance of adverse contradiction.
Thus musing and smoking, the moments
slip by,

Soft clouds in the west gild the evening sky
As our rider and steed, with a grace debonair,
Gallop on and just over the hill disappear.

II

“Oh lad and lass, and orchard pass
And briared lane and daisied grass,
Oh gleam and gloom, and woodland bloom,
And breezy breaths of all perfume!”

RILEY

Just over the hill lay the sweet country home
Of Eileen Durant. 'Twas a pleasure to
roam

The paths through the woodland, or search
the cool dells

O'er run with wild fern and the dainty blue
bells.

Not far in the background, and flowing for-
ever,

One catches a glimpse of a picturesque river.
And under the brow of a vine-covered cliff,
Now rising, now falling, a light little skiff
Is topping the waves as it lies at its mooring—
Seems beck'ning to haunts and to trystings
alluring.

And winding around at the foot of the hill,

The path leads you down by an old water-mill.

Now here, one is tempted to dreamily loiter,
But is tempted again to a full reconnoitre
Of the deep sylvan haunts and of leafy
retreats,

Up the walk to the orchard, where old rustic
seats

Most invitingly say: "Will you enter?"

Eileen—

So winsome a maid you will seek long in
vain—

Spent many bright hours 'mong the blossoms
and trees;

She loved the south wind and the birds, and
'twas these

That tempted her thither this fair summer's
eve

To dream in the arbor, and wait to receive
A friend she had met while at school in the
city.

She had forthwith enlisted his heart. What
a pity!

When so many city-bred girls had been
trying,

And each with the other her best efforts
vying,
To gain but a smile from young Clayton
McVey,
A modern Beau Brummel and toast of the
day.

So dreaming, Eileen 'neath the blossoming
bowers,
Reclined in the arbor, her lap filled with
flowers.

Not long had she been there, when o'er the
rock wall

Encircling the orchard, there sprang a young,
tall,

Handsome youth.

“ Delighted, fair lady, to meet
The person for whom I was looking. Com-
plete

Therefore is my pleasure. I've brought a
new book.

I'm sure my decision you will not re-
voke,

When I say 'tis as fine as I ever perused.”
And forth from his pocket the book he pro-
duced.

The sun toward the west had dropped low
and still lower,
And still Eileen lingered, caressing a flower,
While still at her feet, in the role of a lover,
Lay the Saxon-haired youth, sipping sweet
heads of clover.

Near by on the grass lay a pocket edition
Of a new poem story, an old-time tradi-
tion

Brought out by the author, and daintily
woven

Into classical meter. The theme was well
chosen,

The plot was pathetic and quaintly devised.
Had you read it yourself, you would be much
surprised,

That the book, once begun, could be lightly
laid down;

Yet neglected and open, it lay on the ground.

“So you look for McVey?” the young fellow
was saying,

“And he’s coming to-day! Well, I’ll shortly
be paying,

My hasty adieux,—or would *you* face the
foe?

Which shall it be, Eileen, you'll tell me, I know!

When a fellow discovers a rival at hand,
And having no weapon his foe to withstand,
A retreat is in order. Pray tell me, *machère*,
Will retreat be your verdict, or dare I stay
here?"

He paused for her answer; it came low and sweet,

"I think you may stay, Paul, I'm sure you must meet

My new friend. I expected him early—
'tis late—

Something must have occurred."

A sharp click at the gate
Which led to the highway that ran by the
farm,

Caused the couple to turn. Paul Grey
feigned alarm.

With a faint little flush, the girl rose to her
feet;

"He has come; won't you stay?" But the
youth chose retreat,

Just lifting his cap as he passed through the
bower,

And back on the breeze came a low "Au
 revoir;
I'll make my escape, my dear friend, 'tis
 befitting.
I'll see you to-morrow—McVey but per-
 mitting."

McVey had arrived, left his horse at the gate,
Had discovered Eileen by a mere chance of
 fate;
And looking his pleasure, and quickly ad-
 vancing,
Clasped one of her hands in his own, his eyes
 dancing
With the pleasure he felt, at this much-
 desired meeting.
Now Eileen was cordial, but yet in her greet-
 ing
There was lacking that fervor, meant only
 for him,
That other maids gave him. It brought
 him a dim
Foreboding of something so subtly sug-
 gestive,
A feeling so new, he grew inwardly restive.

This girl was a problem. The thought that
perchance he

Imagined a much firmer hold on her fancy
Than conditions might warrant, disturbed—
nay, it vexed him,

The cool, quiet grace of her manner perplexed him;

And yet, with an ardor he scarcely desired,
'Twas this innate reserve of the girl he
admired.

But a score of fair maidens, in Vanity Fair,
Had toasted and flattered this young cavalier
Until life—for the most—had been much
as he willed,

And ease and soft manners, and coffers well
filled,

Had gained for McVey a strong social pre-
ferment

Had proven a passport wherever he went.
So, if by a chance this applause be withheld,—
'Tis scarcely desired if applause be com-
pelled,—

'Twas a new revelation. I'm sure you'll surmise
That it came to McVey in an unpleasant
guise.

MCVEY:

What, am I not welcome? my train was
delayed
By a wreck up near Dover. I felt quite
dismayed
'Till I found that the trip could be easily
finished
By coming on horse-back; my fears soon
diminished.
Besides, I've convinced you beyond argument,
That e'en mighty obstacles can not prevent
My keeping a promise, when given to you,—
A pleasure I willingly would not forego.

MISS DURANT:

'Tis a trait most desirable, one I admire,
And one, in a friend, that I chiefly desire—
This keeping of promises. As for myself,
A promise is not lightly laid on the shelf;
Is not lightly given, but held in esteem.
One really could not say too much on this
theme.

So, merrily talked they, unceasingly gay,

They had strolled to the house, and the
bright tête-à-tête

Bade fair to continue, when supper was
served;

After which the free discourse went on,
unreserved.

Unobserved by the young folks the hour
had grown late.

Were ever the aeons of time adequate,

When young hearts were beating a lively
tattoo,

Not knowing nor caring, how fast the hours
flew?

A clock from the hall chimed the hour—
'twas eleven;

And Eileen exclaimed: "To remorse I am
driven!

I'm but a poor hostess; how tired you must
be!

The moments seem wingèd, so quickly they
flee!"

"'Tis I," declared Clayton, "your pardon
entreat.

When moments are happy the hours are
most fleet,

Sometimes one's existence but seems a delight;

The time has passed thus to me, Eileen,
to-night.

You may dream of me then, as your very
best friend."

And the glance he stole softly implied a
command,

Which gave to Eileen of his meaning the
trend,

As of one who desired to be more, in the
end.

Thus he sought with intentional, oft-prac-
ticed skill,

To obtain from Eileen but a hint, if you will,
Of the state of her feelings.

Endeavor was vain.

Now take tact, that resistless, unrivalled,
serene

Woman's charming attraction, take this gift,
I say,

And you've taken her mightiest weapon
away.

For great is the man at whose enforced
command

A thousand knees bend, or a thousand men
stand;

But greater by far, is the power to win

A willing compliance, from motives within.

Eileen waived the question, the subject
ignored.

She talked of impersonal themes, and de-
plored

The lateness again; then she ordered a light,
And, smiling bewitchingly, bade him good-
night.

III.

“Charm is the measure of attraction’s power,
To chain the fleeting fancy of the hour,
A quick responsiveness in word and deed,
The will to follow, and the art to lead.”

Well born, gently reared, with a high sense
of honor

Directing her life, and thus moulding its
tenor,

Eileen had a nature you’d never discern
At a casual meeting. One had yet to learn
Of depths all undreamed of, and qualities
rare,

That dawn on one tardily, quite unaware.

’Tis truth fitly spoken, “Like parent, like
child.”

Her mother, a woman of character mild,
Possessed a warm heart and a genial spirit,
That left its sweet impress on all who came
near it.

Her father, a host of deserved reputation,
Commanded at once all his friends’ admira-
tion,

As nature's own nobleman; one of the sort
Whose purpose, more clearly defined was,
in short,
To live for his friends; but mere outward
impression
Was never allowed to o'ercome his discretion,
In choosing those friends; 'twas an inward
conviction,
Of something more lasting than mere style
or diction.
A judgment, though born of a swift intuition,
That rarely fell short of its mark; a condition
That argued rebuke to unworthy designs,
And unbarred the way to the friendship
that binds.

* * * * *

Oh, day of all days, set to rhythmical tune!
There is none to compare to a rare day in
June!
At dawn, 'mid 'green archways, the wanton
winds play,
The birds trill their matins and love lyrics
gay.
The roses unfold, and all nature is waking;

Unspeakable charm o'er the landscape is
breaking.

Such a morn greeted Clayton. A beautiful
scene

He viewed from his window. The wide
fields of green

Stretching down to the river, extending
beyond,

Seemed an emerald sea.

Who can fail to respond
To so gracious a welcome as nature assures?
The melody, fragrance, and zephyrs are yours.
The sight is at once a divine inspiration;
An artistic, poetic, bewild'ring creation
Of all that is glorious, gladsome, and free;
And the happy thought comes: "This, all
this, is for me!"

To Clayton the prospect was new and en-
chanting,

The picture was perfect, no color was wanting;
And long ere the family within was astir,
He arose and strolled forth with his usual
cigar.

He had take the path leading down by the
river,

And was building those castles of whither-
soever,
Those castles of airy fantastical lore,
Untenanted—(ah, but we rear them galore)—
By aught save the fancies we magic'ly weave
Of future successes we hope to achieve.
By nature not bad, the reverse had been
true,
Had training, with mother-love, fallen like
dew
On McVey's boyish pathway, and moulded
his youth,
And pointed him up to the lode-star of truth.
One day the fond mother who gave to him
birth
Had kissed him and bidden farewell to this
earth.
His father, whom death had so sadly bereft,
Engrossed in his business, his little son left
To the care of an aunt, whose mistaken
endeavor
To supply the demands of this youngster so
clever
Had wrought in the boy an inflexible will;
Had striven so long every wish to fulfil,

Until now, as he stood on the threshold of
life,

Unused to its turmoils, its struggles and
strife,

The future rose up as it ne'er rose before,
And the more that he pondered the question
the more

He discerned that success to no standard
complies,

For she sets her own pace—

Yet ambition defies

Frustration, when tempered with firmness
and daring,

Combined with a will in subjection,—not
sparing

Her gifts to the hero, whose inmost conviction

Has laid on his conduct a strict self-restriction.

This last was a lesson McVey had not learned,
A noteworthy precept he'd hitherto spurned.

But alas, for McVey! And alas, for the man
Who enters life's field with no definite plan,
Save the quest after Pleasure, that versatile
maid

Who lures to destruction and makes them
afraid,
Those mortals who fear the comment of the
world,
Have bowed at her shrine and her banner
unfurled,
Whose barks are adrift on the treacherous
main,
And having no compass, return not again.

McVey had strolled on, he had wandered at
will,
Was pursuing the path round a fold of the
hill,
When suddenly, rapidly, rounding the curve
A wheelman dashed by.

By a deft little swerve
He averted what might have been quite a
disaster,
And had proven himself, as a wheelman,
a master.
Surprised unawares, McVey sprang to one
side.

MCVEY:

The deuce take you, boy! Is it thus that you ride?

A man would infer that you went without seeing.

'Twas an unfair advantage!

(Illogical being!)

With a swift, easy movement the rider drew near.

McVey viewed the youth with a critical stare.

WHEELMAN:

Now I beg, sir, your pardon. That confounded turn

Is a signal for danger. I never will learn
The thing unexpected is surest to happen!
I must put on the breaks when I come down
that glen.

Well, a miss is as good as a mile, so they say,
I trust you're in no wise impaired. Do you
stay——

MCVEY:

I stop, for the present, at Edgewood; and
you?

WHEELMAN:

Ah-h, at Edgewood! Oh, I am a native!

McVEY:

Pray who,
Of the neighboring swains is the most favored guest?
Do you claim an acquaintance? If so, I'm impressed
You're in love with Miss Durant.

The wheelman looked bored,
The attack unexpected; his countenance lowered.

WHEELMAN:

You jump at conclusions—Miss Durant is my friend.

McVEY:

You resent the allusion! Now I apprehend
That, granted of course there is really a
friendship,
Why, you're no doubt in love!

WHEELMAN:

Well, I don't care a flip
What you think, or you don't think! Bless
you for a churl!—

And, remounting his wheel, with a bold
rapid whirl
The wheelman sped on, and was soon lost
to view.

MCVEY:

Well, hang me, a tiff! Here's a pretty to do!
That fellow was game. Now I really regret
That I got out of humor; I'm sorry I met
That confounded wheelman, a nice-looking
chap,
And a friend of Miss Durant's! Oh, well
now, mayhap
I'll never encounter the youth or his wheel;
But somehow or other—I'm sorry. I feel
That I spoke rather testily.

Musing, McVey

Retracing his footsteps continued his way.

* * * * *

Miss Durant had planned a surprise for her
guest,

In the shape of a small boating party; and
so

'Twas a gay little coterie, met by request,
At Edgewood next morning. A most apropos
And delightful procedure, and one that por-
tends

A jubilant outing without further warning,
When Nature's allurements so readily blends
With hearts that beat free, on a charming
June morning.

Eileen flitted hither and thither, the while
Introducing her friend; her bright face was
glowing

As she greeted each one with a radiant smile,
Or offered suggestions that all might be going
To start on the jaunt down the cool valley
road,

That wound round the hill in an odd in-
decision,

And ended at last where the old boat-house
stood.

McVey, as a matter of course, sought per-
mission

To linger near Eileen.

The truth was, McVey
Could never appear at his best in a crowd;
He rather preferred, if he had his own way,
One girl at a time; then his eloquence flowed.
The boat-house was reached, and with jest-
ing and laughter,
Gay couples paired off, and the boats were
unloosed
And sped from their moorings. 'Twas not
until after
Blithe Mildred Medill, in a tone much abused,
Sought Eileen to ask why she left out Paul
Grey,
That she, with regret, was surprised to dis-
cover
That Paul was not there.

MISS DURANT:

I saw Paul yesterday.
He said without fail, he would surely be over.
I'm sorry, dear Millie, for your sake; I'm sure
That something unlooked for prevented his
coming.
Cheer up, dear! I know it is hard to endure,

For Paul is a boy I consider most charming.
But there is Rob Dunbar, or Warren Monroe—
Rob's boat is the fleetest that skims o'er
the water.

Ah, Millie, you've more than one string to
your bow,

And you manage somehow to keep all in a
flutter!

So, under the spell of the soft vagrant breezes,
The boats drifted out.

When the current runs free
And joy all her pennons of freedom releases,
Then young blood responds with a glad
jubilee.

So, when 'twas suggested, as might be ex-
pected,

"A race!" 'Twas decided that all should
take part,

And after some comment the boats, as
directed,

Lined up at the point in debate for the start.
The Robin, so named for her breast like a
cherry,

As jaunty a craft as the waters e'er bore,
Belonged to the Durants; she'd easily carry

Four people; to-day she had taken two more.
McVey held the oars at the helm, while
Eileen,
Near by, was expressing her full approbation
At any advantage the light craft might gain,
Or ceased her gay laughter in sheer trepidation,
When some young enthusiast, spurred by
ambition,
Bore down on the Robin with hazardous
stroke,
Allowing impatience to o'ercome discretion,
And thereby reproof from the whole crowd
invoke.
Excitement ran high, and with no premonition
Of peril, the oarsmen rowed eagerly on,
With only the thought of successful completion,
Of strenuous valor, and victory won.
It came like a bolt from a clear, cloudless
heaven,
The tangle, the outcries, and later the clash
That o'erturned The Robin, and left her all
riven,

And spilled all the occupants out in a flash.
One terrified moment of horror appalling,
And Eileen was conscious of—what—was it
night?

“Dear God,” she was praying, “your hand,
I am falling,
Give ear, I implore Thee, and save in Thy
might!”

Down, down! The abyss of dark waters
closed o’er her,
Relentless, resistless, deep currents swept by.
Will God in His Infinite mercy restore her?
Take courage, dear heart, for assistance is
nigh!

She rose; for a moment her eye swept the
valley

Where peacefully nestled a little gray town.
What is this strange feeling? The waters,
how chilly!

Is this, then, the way people feel when they
drown?

“Take courage!” The words like a fond
benediction

Came faintly, but clear, to her fast-failing
ear,

Dispelling the thought of complete dereliction.

Ah Life! at eighteen how we hold thee most dear!

She first thought of Clayton, and then of the others,

Her eyesight was dimming, she seemed to forget.

Was that boat The Robin, or was it another's,
Standing out 'gainst the sky like a dark silhouette?

"Be fearless, my sweet! for no wave shall engulf thee,

No power shall wrest you again from my heart.

The future holds naught, that from you can constrain me,

No joy could be joy if from you, dear, apart!"

Eileen was scarce conscious of being uplifted

And held in strong arms, to a brave, manly breast.

Hope thrilled in her soul, and in fancy she drifted

To mem'ry's fair shore, to her haven of rest.

To Clayton her fancies went longingly straying;
ing;

She thought 'twas his dear arm encircled
her form,

From his lips the words all her terrors allaying,
Spoke peace to her soul, and stilled all her
alarm.

"Speak, Eileen! but speak to the one who
will ever

Hold life but a waste, if it holdeth not thee.
Ah! cruel the fate that for aye could dissever
My fond heart from thine, with so harsh a
decree!"

The words so impassioned, the fond intona-
tion

Stirred Eileen's whole being, and served to
recall

Her vague, shifting fancies to full restora-
tion,

She opened her eyes, saw the white face of—
Paul.

'Twas but for an instant; she then had been
dreaming,

And Paul's were the accents so strangely
distressed.

'Twas Paul who so ardently still was proclaiming

A love she had hitherto only half guessed.
A most gracious friendship had ever existed;
His nature, responsive to all that was best,
Appealed to her strongly, and now had been tested

By actions and words by his own lips confessed.

The knowledge, to Eileen, brought nothing but sorrow;

As neighbor and friend she was loyally true,
But Paul's fond avowal served only to harrow,

As recent events swiftly passed in review.

"I'm—better—dear Paul. Oh, how came *you* to reach me?

There! wrap me up closer; your coat feels so warm!

Oh heavens, the others! Oh, Paul, I beseech thee

Do try to find Clayton and save him from harm!"

Possessed of swift insight, with keen perturbation,

Paul foresaw his answer. By no sign or word,
Had Eileen referred to his frank declaration,
Or evidenced aught save a kindly regard.
'Twas no time for wooing; with resolute features,
Paul steadily turned to the scene of the wreck
Where "all of the other unfortunate creatures,"
As Dunbar expressed it, "were once more on deck."
"Hello, Paul, old fellow! Is that you or not you?
You rise from the waters like old Banquo's ghost!
Miss Durant may rise and explain where she got you.
At roll call this morn they reported you lost."
Rob's merry, exuberant spirit of frolic
Lent wings to the gloom of the grave atmosphere.
"The girls," he declared, "had behaved most angelic;

The boys all Sir Galahads, found not elsewhere."

With outward composure, but inward emotion,

Paul presently told of some sudden delay
That brought him in time to survey the
collision.

DUNBAR:

Which gave you, of course, a good chance to
display

Your valor and daring.

PAUL:

A most inopportune
And adverse occasion.

DUNBAR:

But one that is fraught
With great possibilities. That's quite a boon
Which beneficent fate has bestowed all un-
sought.

Rob glanced at Eileen with significant mean-
ing,

But Eileen was talking to Clayton McVey,
Who seemed all unconscious of any designing,
And devoted himself in a lover-like way
To Eileen, who now that kind fate was
propitious,

Was rapidly gaining her former good spirits
And stoutly announced, though it sounded
facetious,

That "The Robin, though bested, deserved all
the merits."

The mishap was voted a grievous occurrence,
But Youth in her ardor will brook no delay;
All bars are surmounted with utmost as-
surance,

Youth strikes hands with Joy, in a glad
roundelay.

Then blow from the Southland, North, East,
or the West—

Ye winds, from the Mountains of Youthful
Delight,

The breeze that is blowing, that breeze is
the best,

And wafts us along in its rapturous flight.

IV.

But yesterday I looked away,
O'er happy lands where sunshine lay,
In golden blots inlaid with spots,
Of shade and wild forget-me-nots.

RILEY

New plans were constructed, the party, undaunted,
To Edgewood "repaired," as Rob said, "for repairs";
And soon happy voices and music enchanted
Rang out on the wings of the soft Summer
airs.
Ah, memories born of the days adolescent!
Oh, wonderful moments, the gone yester-
days!
Youth's fond rosaries—filled with joys evanescent,
Where echoing strains thrill to glad symphonies.
Paul Grey was a youth on that fateful June
morning,

With all a youth's heart, with no well-defined plan
For manhood's achievement, save infinite scorning
Of aught that debases. The eve found a man
With all a man's purposes, thoughtful, distraught,
And fully determined that bring what they may,
The years in the future should bring what he sought:
Distinction, their measure of eminence, aye,
He would climb the far heights of fame's temple and send
His argosies fair to the Port of Success.
Phantom sails drifted by, through the vistas that blend
When we challenge the trophies of years as they pass.
At the eventide hour a repast had been spread
'Neath the sheltering maples that dotted the lawn,
And later, when arrows of sunset had sped,

The tremulous stars had appeared one by one.

High over the river the silver moon, creeping,

Smiled mockingly down from her aerie above,
While winding in silence, and tranquilly
sweeping,

The river sang low, and it murmured of love.
To Paul, who sought solitude, silence, and
thought,

The river's low surge seemed proclaiming
a ban

To all the fond dreams with his memory
fraught,

The swish of its current seemed saying,
"amen."

Eluding the crowd, he had wandered alone
The path to the orchard, a cherished retreat.
How the splendor of unclouded days now
agone

Returned as a spectre, to mock his defeat!

A vague apprehensible something kept rising,
That presaged an untoward fate to Eileen;
With unquiet thoughts he had wandered,
devising

Some tangible project—he scarce could explain

The stress of his feelings. He disliked McVey;
Their first casual meeting had called forth
his ire,

The second had served to announce a decree:

That henceforth in meeting, these two should
strike fire.

Aside from the feeling of loss in his heart,
A greater arose, that could not be allayed;
This distrust of Clayton he longed to impart
To Eileen. His forethought for Eileen outweighed

All regard for himself.

He was nearing the bower
That o'erhung the arbor, but paused as the
sound

Of voices within had grown suddenly lower,
And shrank 'neath the shadow that formed
the background.

The motive unstudied, with no thought of
playing

A listener's part, he had silently stood
Irresolute, glooming, instinctively weighing

His chances for flight.

With no wish to intrude,
He had turned from the spot with the primal
intention

Of slipping away, when a voice from within
Continued in converse and caused his deten-
tion;

The impulse o'erwhelming he could not
refrain.

The voice was McVey's, and though fervently
scorning

An action so culpable, Paul had remained
To discover if Eileen was there before turn-
ing,

A fact he regretfully soon ascertained.

McVey had talked on, and the night wind
had stirred

And wafted to Paul, but a fragment, a word,
Of what he was saying, sufficient to prove
The subject discussed was—alas! it was
love.

Swift-changing emotions within were astir,
As he caught the light lilt of her voice, as
Eileen

Had softly made answer.

PAUL:

Too late then! 'Tis o'er!
And thus mine inheritance henceforth of pain,
Has come to her own.

Paul recoiled from the place,
His mind still a chaos of turbulent thought,
While the outgoing breeze strove in vain to
efface

The remembrance of all the incoming had
brought.

The faint sound of music, the dream-haunted
hour,

The troops of bright stars and the spell of
the night,

Smote harsh on his senses. Each slumbrous
flower

Shed fragrance proclaiming his dear dead
delight.

Through dim, winding paths 'mid the fair sol-
itudes,

Paul Grey disappeared in the June-scented
woods.

* * * * *

Since that day fair in June, three days have
gone by,
Rosy morns and bland noontides, and moon-
lighted sky,
And still McVey lingers.

His pardon we'll feign,
While we read o'er his shoulder a line to
Phil Dane:

"Well, Old Boy:" (so it ran)

"Say, Phil, lend me your ears
And take me at once from your list 'in
arrears!'

On leaving the city a promise I made
To keep you informed on events. I'm
afraid—

Hang it all! I well know that Fate bungles
at times;

I confess that the outcome of some of my
claims

Is, just at the present, a trifle uncertain.

Though latest developments plainly pertain
To an ultimate triumph.

Old boy, I am caught.
Eileen's the one girl in the world! There is
naught

In 'our set' that can touch her!

I find things so free
From narrowing conventions at Edgewood.

You see,
There are jaunts on the river, and strolls by
the shore,
And rides o'er the hillside. But, Phil, one
thing more—

She's a perfect enigma; I cannot find out
Just what the girl thinks of Yours Truly.

I doubt
If a chap of my rank ever entered this region;
And yet she's as calm as though lovers were
legion.

I'm safe though to win; did I ever say 'die'?
There's much to encourage. I will not deny
Her father, the Colonel, seems rather—er—
well,

Rather formal, you know; but truth, Phil,
to tell,

I am rather obtuse; so of course not aware
Of aught that suggests a disfavor. You
share

My position on this, do you not?

I am done.

By the way! Say, that wager! Now, Phil,
get your gun
And take to the club room. The tenth is
the date.
May Angels defend us!

“ ‘So long,’ Phil.
Yours,
Clayte.”

V.

For surer and surer I daily grow,
That God has made nothing beyond my reach.
That all things are mine, if I make them so,
By reading a truth they were meant to teach.

STOCKTON

In a day long gone by, on a fair Western
shore,
A handful of men—freedom's sons ever more—
Waged a warfare with toil and privation, and
made
For themselves and descendants, a name.
'Twill not fade
While hist'ry records deeds of valor and
daring,
Of heroes and martyrs, not even life sparing.
Paul Grey was a scion of warriors like these;
He had read of their virtues, and long heard
their praise
From his mother, a stately Colonial Dame,
Who had fostered ideas that came down with
the name,

Of old-fashioned courtesy, courage, true
worth,
And chivalrous honor, all heir-looms by
birth,
Handed down by that statesman of old—
Everett,
Renowned for his wisdom. In hist'ry you've
met.
Paul's father, an Englishman many years
dead,
More famed for his learning and travels,
'twas said,
Than for any judicious amassment of wealth,
Had cherished great plans for his son, when
his health
Had failed unexpectedly.

When toward the last
Affairs were adjusted,—no difficult task,—
'Twas found that expenditures henceforth
must be,
On a rather more limited scale. Finally,
'Twas agreed, 'mong the Greys, to abide the
result
Of Fortune's capricious decree (the tumult
Of over much travel had quite lost its charm),

And establish a home on their riverside
farm,
An ancient, but picturesque, entailed estate
Bequeathed by the Everetts. A fine old
retreat;
A structure erected in days long gone by,
Which had suffered neglect until recently,
When workmen had wrought an agreeable
change,
With Paul the young master to plan and
arrange
Each comfort and pleasure, for mother and
sister;
A trust that he ever was loth to defer.
Young Grey's college course had perforce
been omitted,
But he had, in a measure, been justly re-
quited
By the far-reaching, widening power of books,
Perused 'neath the trees and by whispering
brooks.
And thus Paul had gained by his birth and
his rearing,
A stable foundation, and unconstrained bear-
ing;

Had attained what McVey had, unluckily,
missed:

Inclination to serve, and the zeal to persist
In pursuit of ambition's most laudable meed,
The substance and sum of which great men
are made.

PART II.

VI.

“Nay, there’s a charm beyond what nature shows,
The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows.
All, now, are present, ’tis a moment’s gleam
Of former sunshine. Stay, delightful dream!”

Again it is Summer, again it is June,
And time has slipped by until eight years
have flown
Since that bright Summer’s day when at
Edgewood we met,
When life was athrill, and with roses beset.
But much in their flight must they bring
ere they wane,
That savors of life, or else years are in vain.
And, naturally, much do they bring us of
change
Insistent with progress, and things that
estrangle
Ones thoughts from the fanciful days of the
past,

Unveiling an era of things new and vast.
The scene too, has shifted; beneath the bright
glow

Of bulbs incandescent, there moves to and
fro

A pageant of beauty, a glittering throng
Abounding in genius and wealth; and among
The full tide of people but recently come,
A man past the heyday of youth, but on
whom

The years have sat lightly, passed by; on his
arm

Was a richly dressed girl; one whose presence
lent charm

To this artistic concourse. 'Tis our old
friend, McVey,

In full evening costume, and seeming as gay
And as suave as of yore.

Looking closer, we see
A look in his face that betokens ennui.

A faithful portrayal of nature's bequest

To one, made the sport of each fugitive gust.

Pursuing their way through the exclusive
throng,

Evoking much notice, the pair passed along

And sought out the hostess.

Delighted was she,
That her friend Miss Van Courtland, and
Mr. McVey
Had arranged to be present. Indeed, such
a treat
Was in store for her guests that she scarcely
could wait
To present her new protégée, Eileen Durant,
The fair guest of honor; she longed to
acquaint
Her friends with this clever, and talented
star
Undimmed by the stage, and discovered
by her;
Who looked like a goddess, and played like
a dream.

The hostess a connoisseur—music her theme,
Was classed as a critic of cleverness rare.
No function more sought than this latest
affair
Of the Beverly Northrups, whose patronage
gave
An à-la-mode crest to society's wave.

McVey, at the sound of that long unheard
name,
Had visibly winced; she could not be the
same,
So he thought, that he knew in the days
long ago—
Those days that came back with the freshness
of dew,
Through the years all uncalendered, years
spent abroad,
Pursuing the bent of his whimsical mood.
When last he had parted from Eileen Durant,
His vows of devotion had not been a feint.
The Countess of Fairfax appearing just then
On the Western horizon, the brains of the
men
Had turned as by magic.

Unresisting, McVey
Succumbed to the glamour, and entered the
fray.
Through alternate seasons, through England,
through France,
Through the Alps, she had led him a fanciful
dance—
A Will-o-the-wisp, he had rightly concluded,

That sought to allure, while it always eluded.
At times, through the mist of the vanishing
past
The old days returned over memory's waste,
But were promptly effaced by the incoming
tide;
Mere flotsam to drift with waves far and wide.
And Eileen! Ah, back where those happier
hills
Lay wrapped in the odor which Junetime
distils,
There lay, too, her past, wind-swept, splendor-
dimmed.
Groping blindly for faith, she had finally
stemmed
The flood-tide of shadows that threatened
to cast
A gloom on her life. But the shadows had
passed.
The heart of a woman! Ah, oft is its po-
tion,
To run the whole gamut of human emotion!
Miss Durant's recitals had won an ovation,
Had met with Smart Gotham's entire appro-
bation.

Now when Gotham applauds, why, it goes
without saying
That Genius has scored a new hit.

Eileen's playing
Had taken the musical circles by storm.
Spontaneous, lucid, emotional, warm,
The blossoms of melody fell at one's feet,
And yielded a fragrance so subtle, so sweet—
First violets, lilies, and then roses gleamed,
A mosaic garden of incense it seemed,
Redolent with harmony, glowing with light,
Then changing to fanciful contrast, delight
Merging into andante. Then tulips shone red,
The tone-poet's soul shining through, it was
said.

Through valleys of cactus, the list'ner at
times,
Followed on through a jangle of chaotic chimes
Staccato in movement; now the wind's fitful
moan

Sighed a low miserere in soft minor tone,
Then, suddenly feeling the answering thrill,
In touch with her hearers, she varied at will
Into thrilling crescendo, the rare orchid's glow
Flashing out through the final, superb allegro.

No least liquid note did the audience lose,
No sound, not a whisper had followed the
close

Of this latest achievement—a silence deep
fraught

With something, transcending all language,
all thought,

And drifting afar on a limitless sea,
The listeners, hushed to a deep phantasy,
Continued en rapport.

Impelled by the charm,
McVey had pressed near to the player. A
storm

Of shifting emotions long pent in his breast,
Was giving his indolent conscience a test,
As he eagerly sought for some likeness to
prove

This magnetic woman the same one, whose
love

He had once sought and won.

When Miss Durant arose
With that gracious, and unrivalled air of
repose,

Which had cast o'er McVey in the past such
a spell,

McVey was aware that his heart's citadel
Had again been invaded—ah no, had been
shattered!

'Twas the Eileen Durant he once loved.
Nothing mattered;

The past should be reckoned as though it was
not;

No thought of his folly should swerve him,
no thought

Should deter him from winning this fair,
queenly woman,

So strangely divine, yet so charmingly hu-
man.

A flood, half forgotten, of memories stirred
And escaped like a freshet; he saw and he
heard

The free adulation Miss Durant evoked;
From this circle of critical friends.

He had looked
On the same sunny face, it had grown more
demure;

In the same peerless eyes with their light
still as pure

As the blossoms that drifted with each stray-
ing breeze,

At Edgewood, in spring 'neath the old
orchard trees.

McVey, undetermined, seemed chained to
the spot,

As each heightened charm on his memory
smote.

"What a consummate fool!" conscience clam-
ored. "Begin

Restitution at once." Hope had whispered
within.

"This wonderful woman unwedded, per-
chance,

Has cherished some dream of that summer's
romance,

That has echoed far down the dim valley
of years."

Ignoring remorse, he had thrown off his
fears,

As the shallower part of his nature prevailed,

And the versatile tendency promptly re-
vealed.

McVey, when the issue had once been de-
cided,

Had spied out the hostess, and to her con-
fided

His eager desire to at once meet her guest.
There were social conventions; could she
not suggest
Some pleasing contrivance, by which he
could be
Presented alone, and informally?

MRS. NORTHRUP:

A futile request, my dear sir, I assure you
The masculine sex would protest. I im-
plore you
To bide undismayed, a more auspicious time.
Already my romantic brain has a scheme,
To amalgamate genius with wealth. Not
a word!—
With a shake of her finger—I know; I have
heard!
The “afflatus divine” has at last touched
your heart,
Impervious all of these years to her dart.
This gifted young artist has genius and
health,
Both splendid endowments; and you have
the wealth.

A grand consummation! 'Tis settled, be gone!

But pray take a cup of the punch or bouillon;
To hold you in trim, for your "Coup militant,"

I'm watching the very first chance to present

This charming celebrity.—

Clayton McVey,

Through a wearisome hour of vexing delay.
Had traversed the rooms in an unquiet state,
Arraigning himself as the foot-ball of Fate,
'Til the crowd had thinned out; then with feminine tact,

Mrs. Beverly Northrup fulfilled her compact
To grant him a moment with Eileen alone.
"My dear, you're in need of a cup of bouillon,"

She had said to Miss Durant. "Your friends,
I dare say,

Will spare you so long. Mr. Clayton McVey
Seeks the pleasure of seeing you waited upon.

He is recently home from abroad, and has grown

Quite fond of the Orient.”

Eileen had swept
A swift searching glance from her lashes,
and stepped
To her place on his arm and in triumph, McVey,
With unconcealed pleasure, had borne her
away.

Ah, well! To the lives of most people there
falls

A moment so vital, that nothing avails
To impress another the thoughts in the heart,
So much as a wordless appeal.

To impart
To Miss Durant the state of his feelings had
seemed

No difficult matter. McVey scarcely dreamed
That his sinuous, easy, and indolent grace,
Could ever be made to appear out of place,
Yet back through the rifts of the echoing years,
A fleeting impression came back. There
were fears

In the days that were gone, that harassed
and perplexed him,
The same profound charm had once puzzled,
and vexed him.

So to-night, as he sat in the light of her eyes,
And felt that his presence had caused no
surprise,
That only the ethical laws of convention,
Had prompted a graceful and well-bred
attention,
His usual self-contained manner had left him;
Eileen's artless, untrammelled manner bereft
him
Of language to voice his wild impulse to hold
The place in her heart he had held, as of old.
A remote cozy-corner had tempted them
thither,
To sip the refreshments. They mentioned
the weather;
He spoke of her talent; he surely had heard
No one who surpassed her while traveling
abroad.
No word of the unspoken knowledge they
shared,
Not a sign that she ever had loved him, or
cared
If that love had been wantonly tossed to
one side.
No stifled emotion she struggled to hide.

McVey, in no mood to dissemble or ponder,
Was thrilling with sheer admiration and
wonder,

As he eagerly bent, would have taken her
hand,

Distraught with the longing he could not
withstand,

To know if one spark of that love was alive.

"Miss Durant," he murmured, "Eileen,—

Oh forgive—

Forgive all the past! Is it folly to say,

That life has been dull, since I last turned
away

From the light of your love?"

At his nearer approach,

Miss Durant drew back, had evaded his
touch,

And held him aloof, with disdain in her eye.

A look which McVey promptly sought to
defy,

As he warmly went on: "Would it please
you to know

That Fate has dealt out to me many a blow,

Since she first grasped the reins of my check-
ered career,

And goaded me on? 'Tis true, Eileen, I
swear
Not a day, not an hour, since I last saw your
face,
Has Joy been a guest at my board. Ah, alas!
And alas! That I yielded to folly and dross!
Miss Durant! Ah, Eileen, I measure my
loss——”

“You—measure—your—loss! Did you measure my tears?

I measure my gain, by the trail of the years
Deep buried for aye!” With immeasurable
scorn

Eileen had flashed forth with a vehemence,
born

Of her inherent forces of nature.

MISS DURANT:

To say
That a definite sense of your loss could outweigh
The blessing to me, though it came in disguise,
Would baffle the plan Fortune sought to
devise.

Ah no! Unto me is the past but a dream!
An arabesque fancy I would not redeem
From the shadowy past!

With the lapse of the years,
The old Love and Faith, the mirage, disappears;

And forward I press to the beautiful hills,
Looking out to a realm, where all promise
fulfils.

An unbounded realm, filled with rhythm
and rhyme,—

No discordant note jars the grandeur sublime;

A fair wonderland with its treasures of art,
The longing for which of my soul is a
part.

I follow the paths that the masters have
trod,

Leading far up the heights, to the gateway
of God.

No phantoms are there, which but seek to
allure,

But Apples of Gold, which forever endure.

McVEY:

Hush, Eileen! God knows I deserve this rebuke.

Some glittering Mecca misled. I mistook
The dross for the gold. In your verdict, I
pray

That you'll temper your justice with mercy.

My plea

For forgiveness is based on the knowledge
that you,

Whose nature so sweetly divine, aye, so true,
Can soften your judgments, or, mayhap
forgive,

And all of the old love and feeling revive.
That love—is it pledged to another, Eileen?

The hum of the leave-taking crowd drifted in.
The rustle of skirts, and a faint rare perfume
Was filling the air, and pervading the room.

MISS DURANT:

'That love!' Can't you see it was only a
dream?

How rarely things are, in real life, what they
seem!

In youth, there are wonderful lights on the
hills—

Mere fancies, which rarely the future fulfils.
Time ruthlessly shatters our idols—'tis well,
When idols are false!

There can be no appeal.
I loved what I only had dreamed you to be:
Abounding in Truth and congruity.
Fallacious assumption! The gods have been
kind,
And the mills that unerring, unceasingly
grind,
Have shorn my ideal of its semblance to
Truth,
An erratic structure of fanciful youth,
Ere my life had been wrecked.

'Tis a world-old mistake—
This blending of unsuited lives. We thus
take
Our fate in our hands, e'en our souls jeopardize,
When we blindly press forward, with un-
seeing eyes,
To a union unhallowed by loftiest aim,
Where duty should govern, and Love reign
supreme.

McVEY:

But, Eileen, I love you! Henceforth I will
 prove,
With constant devotion, the depth of that
 love—
My first love, and last!—

 Importuning, McVey
Plead on in a vehement, rambling way,
For the love he had lost.

 “Once you loved me, Eileen?”

EILEEN:

I thought so—but vision has drifted between.
Our natures are contrasts. While you love
 the whirl,
I'm only an earnest and home-loving girl,
Who loves art, and nature, and things that
 are true,
With all of the heart of a woman; and you—
You, Clayton, the world says, “all paces”
 have gone!
Now, you offer me what? Could you hope to
 atone

For the time you have lost, opportunities scorned?

Achievements that might have been yours, you have spurned.

'Tis the gravest of serious problems to-day: This unequal standard of virtues.

I see

Some friends are approaching.—

Miss Durant arose,
Summarily bringing the talk to a close.

MCVEY:

One moment, Eileen! Is this final? Are you—

Engaged to another?

EILEEN:

I am not. 'Tis true,
When I find in some man all the virtues I dreamed

One man could possess—my ideal redeemed—
Perhaps—I—shall love him, provided, of course,

That he wishes me to. See, 'tis time to disperse!—

The hostess, with others, appeared on the scene.

MRS. NORTHRUP:

Discovered, at last, and now what does this mean,

Secluding yourselves in the shade of the palms,

From the rest of the crowd! Has your conscience no qualms?

Of your whereabouts no one could venture a hint,

Our hopes had declined to the vanishing point.

A pleasure in store! Mr. Clayton McVey, Allow me! Shake hands with Miss Sylvia Grey!

A friend of Miss Durant's; no less so of mine.— The two thus presented shook hands.

MRS. NORTHRUP:

Will you join
Our merry house-party, next week at Bay-view?

My list, now complete since I've invited you,

Includes this young lady, and likewise her friend.

Shall we look for you then at the coming week's end?

Miss Durant insists, and the season is gay—

Shall we count on you then?

McVEY:

Mrs. Northrup, you may.

VI.

“Woven of music and moonlight,
Tinted of star-fire and dusk,
Dashed with the red wine of morning,
Scented of roses and musk.
Petaled of pain and of pleasure,
Nurtured of kisses and tears,
Fragile the dream-flower of love is—
Fragile, and fades with the years.”

At Bayview the guests had begun to arrive;
With bustle and flurry, the place was alive.
In tally-hos, autos, and tandem they came.
The trolley-cars poured out a jovial stream,
Of well-groomed, desirable people who sought
To ensnare the gay Goddess of Pleasure.

A yacht

Here and there lay at rest on the dimpling
bay,

Awaiting the signal to up and away.

Mrs. Beverly Northrup, as hostess, perforce
Acknowledged no equal; her every resource
Was employed for the pleasure of those
whom she'd planned

Should meet at her party. 'Twas said she'd
attained

The art of producing effective results,
In combining harmonious people. Revolts
Had been few and obscure. Each function,
it seemed,

But furnished new scope for her powers;
she beamed

On all new arrivals, dispensing to each
A rare hospitality. Many a match,
Rumor said, had been planned at romantic
Bayview;

Though none of the guests had this motive in
view.

Incidentally, during the short interim,
That suffices to put the young people in trim,
Or, as Dunbar suggested, "Get on their
war paint."

With some of the guests 'twill be well to
acquaint

The reader, who properly claims as his due
The right to be told in the start, who is who.
For instance, there's Dunbar, the old Rob
of yore,

Yet palpably different; teeming with lore,

A jumble of politics, science and art,
And of every notable function a part.
A rising young lawyer whose friends acquiesce,
Can say the right thing in exactly its place.
Ideally jovial, 'tis needless to say
Society sought him and gave him entrée,
Where multitudes scrambled to enter.

Moreover,
At present, 'twas plain to the casual ob-
server,
That Dunbar was playing the "heavy de-
voted"—
Now, Dunbar himself, be it known, is here
quoted,
But not, understand, in this present relation—
To Sylvia Grey.

"A distinct acquisition,
Comprehensively speaking," the hostess con-
fided,
To Dunbar, who'd long since the same thing
decided.

There's a modern tradition concerning the
wheel
Which Fortune manipulates; years but reveal

Its manifold veerings. To you, at the top:
The next revolution may bring you the drop.
To you at the base: Keep a stiff upper-
lip,
Keep in line, and stand fast, nor diminish
your grip.
For with favoring winds, over sunlighted
seas,
There's ever the promised Hesperides.
The favoring winds in their shifting had
brought,
An English estate to the Greys. It had
wrought
A change in their place of abode. "The
Retreat"
Now served at odd times as a fine country
seat
For the Greys and their friends from the
city.

Miss Grey
Had finished abroad, the conventional way,
In all the fine arts, with a rare gift of tongues,
And nothing neglected that fitly belongs
To the finishing process. To Paul, changeful
time

Had brought him the means to successfully
climb
To the goal of distinction. Persistently,—
nay,
Relentlessly, delving and pressing his way,
Since Fortune had frowned on his young
heart's desire,
Ambition had beckoned him higher and
higher.
Thrice welcome the lordly estate which had
brought
The means to promote the career that he
sought.
And though young in years, he had won for
himself
A name to be prized above holdings or pelf.
His one early love had been put to one side—
A thing set apart. He had worked, and
denied
To himself social pleasures; instead, he
had found
Enjoyment in seeking those things which
abound
In the quest after knowledge. Five years
spent abroad

He reckoned as only a mere episode
To further advance his insatiate desire
For attainment in abysmal science.

Acquire
Prodigious results, what you will, what you
may,
The time must arrive when a mental survey,
A frank psychological scanning of self,
Calls an answering halt.

What a subtle young elf,
Is that offspring of Venus, Dan Cupid!

While reading
A letter signed "Sylvy," in which she was
pleading
A prompt blotting out of all business relation,
And urging the need of complete recreation,
Paul paused at the post-script, and read it
three times.

Beginning, it ran: "It is one of my whims
Not to tell, brother mine, but just guess,
if you can,
Who is here at Bayview. No, now—not
a mere man!
But the dearest and sweetest of girls. Don't
be stupid,

But pack your 'effects' and run down!"

Was it Cupid

That swayed him, now think you? Be that
as it may,

Mrs. Northrup had added a line just to say
How "distressed" she had been to receive
his regrets,

And wound up by making the direst of
threats,

Should he fail to respond to this last invita-
tion.

Perhaps 'twas the thought of his real obliga-
tion,

But candor compels one the fact to impart,
Paul, having resolved, made all haste to
depart.

VII.

“For something is, or something seems,
Like visions of forgotten dreams.”

Etched sharply against a wide expanse of sea
Stood picturesque Bayview.

’Twas an hour until tea;
So a man in brass buttons confided to Paul,
Who arrived three days late. At this hour
nearly all
Of the feminine faction had taken their flight,
To keep an appointment, made some time
last night,
With the selfish old sandman.

’Twas a radiant array,
That graced the verandas at five o’clock tea:
An old English custom somewhat out of date,
But one that had served to at once dissipate
All formal constraint. There were gay little
groups,
That sat at small tables and toyed with their
cups,
As Paul, clad in raiment as fresh as the morn

Appeared with the hostess. No hint had
been borne

To the ears of Miss Durant that Paul was
expected.

That each be surprised was as Sylvia elected.
With a vast spread of shoulder, full five feet
and ten,

Paul Grey stood, an athlete, a man among
men.

A faint, little feminine buzz of surprise
Had run down the line, as all feminine eyes
Had lingered on Paul, and evinced their
approval

Of this most distinguished and newest arrival.

That Clayton McVey was included a guest,
Had taken from Eileen Durant much the
zest

Of her stay at Bayview. Disregarding the
fact

Of his recent decisive rebuff, he had staked
His last throw on the hope that perchance
he'd awaken

Some lingering spark of her love. How
mistaken

He was in her nature! His own narrow
vision

Had clouded that sense which we call in-
tuition.

That the commonplace courtesies Eileen
had shown

Were owed to her hostess, McVey might
have known.

But his was a nature that champed at its bits
(A thing in itself which all purpose defeats),
With a tendency ever to follow the course
Presenting the slightest resistance.

A source

Of varied ordeal his attentions had been
With his air of proprietorship to Eileen,
Since their meeting at Bayview.

When Paul Grey appeared

At a signal from Dunbar, the company
cheered.

A master at all ceremonies, Dunbar
Had been dubbed an "M. C."—'Twas a
terse metaphor.

For Paul 'twas a sudden, complex situation,
Receiving from strangers so free an ovation.

Gadzooks, man! acquaint us, by what canny
power

You accomplish the feat of successfully keeping
Two ladies awake, when they should have
been sleeping.

Paul greeted his sister, shook hands with
McVey

In a sort of unseeing, perfunctory way.

Then ensued a brief pause, with the silence
unbroken.

His eyes had met Eileen's. For a moment
no token

Had either evinced of the tumult within—
(Here Rob, the persistent, had let fall a pin)

Eileen, in a flash of responsive perception,
Had felt in the depths of her soul the incep-
tion

Of a swift, silent fellowship. Paul, with
one stride,

Had measured the distance and stood by
her side.

"Eileen!" Paul had murmured, "this is a
surprise

As well as a pleasure!" His deep, fearless eyes

Were searching her face, as he held fast her hand.

“It all must have happened as Sylvia planned;
The surprise is complete. I am real glad
you came!”

Eileen answered simply. A bright, little
flame

Of obdurate color had flashed to her face,
But as quickly receded; a faint tiny trace
Had lingered a moment, and tinted her cheek,
Revealing in contrast the snowy white neck,
All crowned by a halo of dusky brown hair,
Rippling up into high-lights.

Paul, keenly aware
Of the play of emotion that swept o’er her
face,

Forgot for the moment the time and the
place,

As the blossoms of memory burst into flower,
And carried him back to the place and the
hour

When Fate had been kind, and allowed him
to save

This dearest of girls from a watery grave.

What a tempest of joy the reflection had brought!

When suddenly Paul had grown cold at the thought

That Eileen, warm of impulse, would naturally,

Feel grateful toward him, and really be Delighted to once again meet an old friend.

Then—Clayton McVey! Did his presence portend

A renewal of old-time relations with her?

Such things, he reflected, were wont to occur.

So much had befallen since these two had met,

It seemed as though ages had vanished; and yet—

Save a more profound charm, and a bearing less free,

Paul had almost imagined it yesterday.

Miss Grey had enjoyed the success of her plot,

She also had fancied that Clayton had not.

The party found seats, and was soon served with tea.

Paul sat by Eileen, with McVey vis-à-vis.

Dunbar, vaguely conscious of growing constraint,
To his merriest mood had at once given vent;
He told of the numberless projects in view
For their further diversion. So, jollity flew
With a zeal quite infectious.

This meeting had been
The means of revealing in full to Eileen
The study in contrasts these two men presented;
A thing which the glamour of youth had prevented.

One, crowned with the glory of highest achievement,
The other, intent on some longed-for retrieval.

With quickening vision Eileen saw it all.
The time had arrived when her heart turned to Paul.

Mrs. Beverly Northrup was fully aware
That young English lords at Bayview had been rare;
And had lost no occasion to plan, as she thought,

For his consummate pleasure. To Paul there
was naught
That gave so much comfort as just being left
To his own predilection. True, Dunbar had
chaffed
At his unwonted precepts; for clever insight,
And keen penetration, Dunbar had been
right.

The days full of mirth flitted by at Bayview,
Days burnished with sunshine. Paul met
with but few
Auspicious occasions to talk with Eileen,
Aside from the multitude. Always some
“plan”
Of the vigilant hostess intruding itself;
A sail on the bay, or a tournure at golf—
A motoring jaunt, or a chase with the hounds.
Paul followed the seemingly limitless rounds
Accompanied—according to prearranged
plans—
By a niece of the hostess, Miss Olive Rosecrans.
McVey, with the hostess as ally, contrived
To appropriate Eileen. Paul Grey had per-
ceived

His open devotion, and hopelessly felt
That Fate, stern iconoclast, this time had
dealt

A weightier blow, could the grievance be
measured,

Than the one he had borne as a boy. He had
treasured

A vision of Her, in her fair girlish graces,
Enshrined in a nook of his heart's secret
places.

But now—in the zenith of full womanhood,
With her peerless attraction, and sweet
quietude,

Paul knew that the earlier vision had paled
In this sunburst of perfect fruition. He
quailed

At the realization of all that had been,
Was now, and might still in his life inter-
vene,

To blight his fair dreams of the future.

Dunbar

Had teasingly ventured one day to infer,
That the niece of the hostess had "scored
quite a hit."

"Your Excellence—wouldn't you better admit

That life, since your advent down here at
Bayview,
Has taken on more of a roseate hue?"

"Nay, Rob," Paul had answered in hasty
disclaimer,
"A certain young lady, I scruple to name her,
Has recently made me her father confessor,
Held a 'conseil' d'état,' so to speak, heaven
bless her !
Which leads me at once to conclude it is
you
Who are wearing the glasses of roseate hue!"

With characteristic and simple directness,
The two had grasped hands.

DUNBAR:

Well, old fellow, I guess
You've got me down right; there's a halo,
it seems,
Encircling the spirit of all my of dreams.
The lady in question,—her peer there is none!
Her equal is not at Bayview—

PAUL:

Hold, save one!

DUNBAR:

Another confession! Miss Rosecrans?

PAUL:

Mere cant!

'Her equal?' No other than Eileen Durant.

DUNBAR:

Eileen! I had thought that a thing of the past!

PAUL:

So it was, 'til we met here; but love, Rob,
will last.

'Tis a habit it has—pity 'tis, that 'tis true!

DUNBAR:

Now, Paul, I've a notion that Eileen likes
you!

PAUL:

"Likes!" yes, I've no doubt; there's the
deuce of it, man!

She holds me to-day where our friendship
began:

About like a brother! That coxcomb McVey

Was never half worthy. Say, Rob, by the way,
What happened between them when Clayte went abroad?

DUNBAR:

The Lord knows! I never have quite understood.
But one thing I know, it's as plain as your nose,
McVey's getting desperate! See here, Paul, suppose
I appoint a committee to see this thing through;
And suppose once again, that committee is you!

PAUL:

Appointment approved of, loquacious "M. C."
'Tis only the great men who fail to agree.
But show me, Your Honor, just half of a chance
That a fellow could find. I'd suggest in advance,
That you change your new title of merely M. C.,
To Dunbar the Diplomat.

DUNBAR:

Just leave that to me!
There are schemers and schemers. Just
open your eyes
To every advantage. We're sure to devise
Some deeply and darkly laid plans of our
own,
Whereby you, at least, can see Eileen alone!
For surely, a man may find out "where
he's at,"—
And still be a man, for "a' that and a' that!"

To Sylvia Rob had unravelled a few
Of his "deeply laid projects."

Eileen scarcely knew
Just how it had happened. There were
moments when she
Had wistfully, ardently, longed so to be
All alone with her music. On the eve of the
day
Rob purposed intrigue, she had stolen away
To the now quiet music room; happily, she
Had found it deserted. 'Twas a low reverie
She had chosen to play—an original thing—

'Twas a song without words, An Awaken-
ing,
It might have been called. In its varying
mood
It rambled on feelingly, ever subdued.
So lost to all consciousness Eileen had been,
That Paul Grey had entered, and now stood
unseen
Near some shadowy palms. As the player
went on,
From Paul every other impression had flown,
Save a rapt comprehension of tender de-
light
Transporting him on to an infinite height.
Familiar with music, for Sylvia played,
Paul sought to discern the composer; he
strayed
From Chopin to Beethoven. A blending,
it seemed,
Of the Spring Song and Berceuse—a Thesis
that teemed
With a rare, irrepressible, rapturous flow
Of musical language. Paul, fairly aglow
With a new inspiration, had slipped to her
side:

“Don’t stop!” he had urged, as her eyes
opened wide
At his sudden appearance.

MISS DURANT:

How you startled me, Paul!
How long have you been here?

PAUL:

I heard nearly all
Of that exquisite symphony.

MISS DURANT:

You love music, then?

PAUL:

That doesn’t express it!

MISS DURANT:

There are not many men
Who admit a real fondness for music.

PAUL:

The man who dislikes it, I think, is a freak!
With Shakespeare, I think that his Spirit
is dull—

His affection as dark as Erebus—his soul,
Fit subject for treason and spoils!

MISS DURANT:

I agree—

I never could trust such a man.—

With dismay,

Paul discovered Miss Rosecrans approaching;
before

She made known her errand, Rob stood in
the door.

DUNBAR:

They're off now, Miss Olive, and calling for us.
McVey says he calls it a kind of a muss—
This letting the ladies for once have their say
In selecting their escorts. But surely McVey
Has no cause to object, for just look who
chose him?

MISS ROSECRANS:

Who was it?

DUNBAR:

Miss Grey. I am full to the brim
Of the "green-eyed old monster"; however,
there are

Other fish in the sea, and—Hello, Paul! I hear
That Miss Durant takes you!

MISS ROSECRANS:

Then, Mr. M. C.,
I see very plainly, they've left you for me!

DUNBAR:

I like that! it savors of Life, "Doncher
know!"
To be "left" by one girl for another, "Bah
Joe!"

A throng now trooped in, hunting Paul and
Eileen,
Who wondered what all this confusion might
mean.
But Dunbar, as usual, made haste to make
known
That a stroll on the shore, by the light of the
moon,
Was the latest diversion. Paul Grey thought
he knew
The sly instigator, and clutched at his cue,
With a grim desperation. Aside, to Eileen

He had said: "Ladies' choice! shall I see you again?"

As quick as a flash, down the current of time,
Came a question of Paul's which had meant
much the same

In the old days. It seemed she could still
hear him saying:

"And he's coming to-day—and I'll shortly
be paying

My hasty adieux! Or would *you* face the foe,
Which shall it be, Eileen, you'll tell me, I
know?"

Eileen, while she knew she had once held his
love,

Had often, in thought, tried to test or disprove
The rumor that he and Miss Rosecrans
might be

Something more than mere friends.

Now, this last novelty,—

Rob had said that his sister had chosen
McVey,

Then he and Miss Rosecrans had faded away,
And Paul was awaiting an answer.

PAUL:

It seems
They have left you no choice in this matter:
Rob dreams
He's the end of the law!

MISS DURANT:

Rob knew I'd enjoy
A stroll with you, Paul. He's the dearest
old boy!
Of course, he surmised I would rather take
you—

PAUL:

Rob jumps at conclusions; perhaps that's
not true?

MISS DURANT:

And, perhaps,—if conditions had different
been—
There's someone—you'd—rather——

PAUL:

There's *no* one, Eileen,—
No being with whom, had I been free to
choose,

I would rather have gone; hitherto 'twas
no use
To do aught save to wistfully watch for a
chance——

MISS DURANT:

You,—Paul? have you, too felt this close
surveillance?

PAUL:

“Felt it,” Eileen—

Paul gently had reached for her hand,
And placed it within his arm. “Come, this
is grand,
This hour of the twilight!——”

The first silver star,
In its pale tranquil luster had blossomed
afar.

A skirmishing breeze had sprung up from the
bay,

To follow a fervid and languorous day.

Above the vague rim of the dim horizon,
Fair Luna, full-orbed, had just mounted her
throne.

A flock of late home-going birds flitted by.

Silhouetted against the fast-purpling sky,
The trees, faintly limbed, as brave sentinels
stood—

Hodden gray in the twilight.

In happiest mood,
Paul and Eileen, like children, as children
as free,
Passed out through the eventide, on toward
the sea.

VIII.

Then love released a thousand springs,
The joys of sweet remembered things.
Singing, the river went. The vales
Forgot the ice-keen winter gales,
The meadow had a vision blest,
And dreamed of daisies on its breast.

STANTON

The critics, dear reader, will say I am through.
The question, I leave it entirely to you
As to whether or not further interest wanes
In Paul and Eileen. Yet the fact still re-
mains,
That while all the world loves a lover,—'Tis
true
Most people prefer they get married,—don't
you?
The program thereafter was altered, somewhat,
'Mong the young folks at Bayview. The
hostess had thought
It a hasty arrangement; was duly surprised
That these two, whom she'd obviously lionized

Should contrive, on short notice, to promptly
announce

To their friends their engagement. My lady,
for once,

Had been cleverly foiled, and most clearly
outwitted,

Though she never acknowledged to being
defeated.

With well-founded wisdom, she revised her
plans,

Directing her wits toward her niece, Miss
Rosecrans,

Who, having sustained a new set of sensations
In view of "those horrid old late revelations,"

Had tried to console, in a measure, McVey,
Who still, in some vague and intangible
way,

Was doing his best to at least figure out,
How all of this "flim-flam and muss" came
about.

Despite the annoyance the matter incurred,
And, however greatly she may have preferred
To have had affairs different, let it be said
Mrs. Northrup had always most carefully
weighed

The law which produces both cause and effect.
Through no visible sign, might one ever suspect
That the wheels of convention had scrupled
to move,

For a season, along the conventional groove.
Her maxim had been, to a steadfast degree,
“One should aim at the moon, though one
hits but a tree.”

Fate plays some strange pranks with the
world!

In the main

The “slings of an outrageous fortune?” had
been

Very gracefully met. She had ever essayed
To follow the trend, which with ease could
be made

To serve her best purpose. Inexpressibly
dear

To her heart was a new innovation, and here
Was a rare opportunity. When at Bayview
The season had drawn to a close hitherto,
There had been at least one new announce-
ment.

With glee,

She discovered the possible sequence of three.

With consummate skill she had planned the
affair,
Which took place in the city. Such func-
tions were rare
Where three most momentous and leading
events
Were announced at one time.

Now, the reader, perchance,
Has long since surmised whom the three
couples were:

Paul and Eileen, of course, and Miss Grey
and Dunbar,

And the other,—To Clayton McVey, it had
seemed

But the prescience of fate; all his life he had
blamed

Some caviling fate for the failures which
he

Might himself have averted. This adverse
decree,

When the first shock was over, he thought-
fully faced.

With care every step of the past he retraced
And discreetly resolved there were duties
which one

Fully owed to himself, nor should too long postpone.

In the light of these facts, when Miss Rosecrans had sought

To dispel his depression, he forthwith had caught

Her spirit of hopefulness. Later, when she Had referred to the other engagements, McVey

At once had suggested they two make the third.

Miss Rosecrans, it seemed, had for some time abhorred

The thought of a tedious engagement. And so,

Right merrily rang the bells.

Without much ado, Paul and Eileen had quietly wedded. They chose

For their honeymoon trip—now where would one suppose?

To their castle in England? No, they had deferred

That trip for the future. Few would have preferred

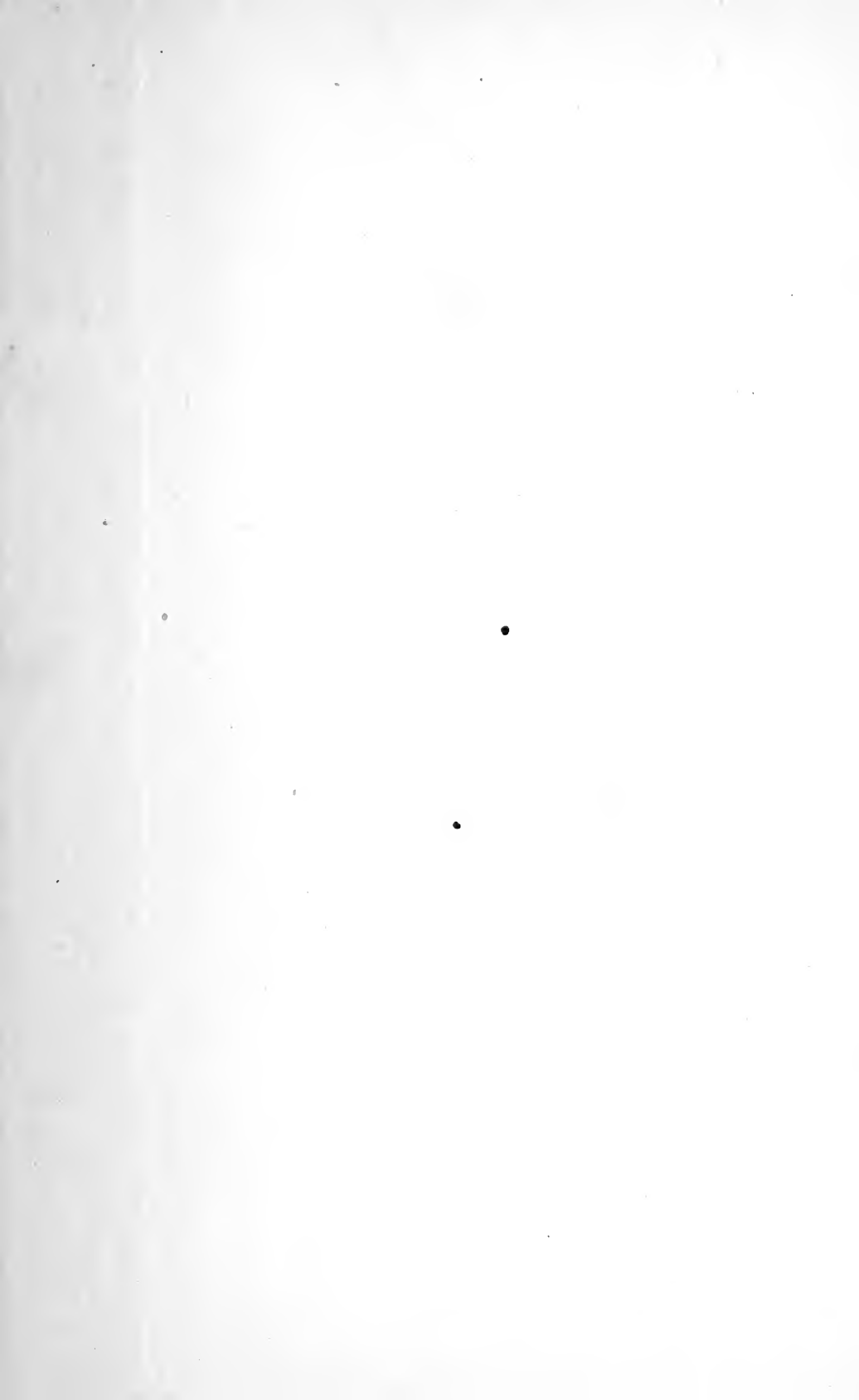
A commonplace trip to the country, and yet,
Straightway they had journeyed toward The
Retreat,
And charming old Edgewood.

Here then, 'mid those scenes
Which the heart ever cherishes, ever retains,
We leave them; where Nature her smile
e'er reveals,
With love at the helm, 'mid the peace of
wide fields.

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